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God's Promises

God's Promises

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Chief Promises of God unto Man

[God's Promises]

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

1538

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

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The Chief Promises of God unto Man

[God's promises]

By JOHN BALE

BISHOP OF OSSORY

The original of this facsimile is in the British Museum (Press-mark C. 34, c. 2)*; it is the only known copy of the first edition. It formed part of the Garrick collection, and probably it came to the famous eighteenth-century actor from the Harley library through Robert Dodsley the antiquarian bookseller, who speaks of having found it in "the Harleian Collection of Old Plays, consisting of between* 600 *and* 700*, which are now in my possession." "God's Promises" was reprinted in* 1577*, the first edition being so entirely forgotten by then that the new impression was described as "now fyrst imprynted." This play has been frequently reprinted in modern times.*

John Bale—"bilious Bale"—was a notable figure in his time, a strenuous and not altogether consistent supporter and exponent of the Reformation. He was unscrupulous in attack and violent in speech. Born in 1495 *he died in* 1563*, having, at the age of* 64*, confessed himself "an old and worn-out man." I have in my edition of "The*

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Dramatic Writings of John Bale" (*Early English Drama Society*, 1907) *dwelt at length upon the life and times of this hard-hitting acerbous prelate. To this source of reference may be added* "*The Dictionary of National Biography*" (*as a matter of course*), *the introduction to the facsimile reprint of Bale's* "*Three Laws*" (*Tudor Facsimile Texts*), *Herford's* "*Literary Relations of England and Germany in the* 16*th Century*," *Snell's* "*Age of Transition*," *Schroer's Introduction to* "*The Three Laws*" (*Halle*, 1882), *&c. &c.*

Mr. J. A. Herbert of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum after comparing this facsimile with the original copy reports that "*it must not be considered one of the greatest successes*" *of the series. He adds, however,* "*it was exceptionally difficult to reproduce, no doubt.*" *This difficulty arises, for the most part, from the mutilated and stained condition of the original: even the yellow-tinted official stamp of the British Museum has in two instances made darker what is perfectly clear in the original. To this general criticism there is little to add.*

(1) *Title-page, line* 2, *the* "**ꝺ**" *of* "**God**" *is clearer in original: as will be seen the page is mutilated, only the top half being left, mounted on a leaf of blank paper.*

(2) **A. ij.** recto, *lines* 2 *and* 3, *the last words are clearer in original: in line* 2, "**congr . . enc**" [*Congruence*]; *line* 3, "**serche of co . .**" *Concerning this page Mr. Herbert makes the following remark:*—"*Not very successful where the page has been repaired. This applies not only to this page, but also to those which follow.*"

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(3) A. ij. verso, *lines* 3, 4, 5, 10, *and* 21, *the obliterated words at commencement are respectively* "As," "Whych," "They come," "And thys," *and* "For" [*the* F *and* o *imperfect, but unmistakable*].

(4) A. iij. verso, *line* 16, *the initial is* "F" [*For one*].

(5) B. i. verso, *line* 21, "For," *top of* F *wanting, but the letter is unmistakable.*

(6) *B. iij.* verso, *line* 4, *Act iii.*, "He" *is plain under stain.*

(7) C. [*i.*] verso, *line* 4, *there is no flaw in MS.: the mark on margin has been introduced by some flaw in printing.*

(8) *C. iv.* recto, *line* 4, *third word*, "at," *the* "t" *is faint in original but legible.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

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A Tragedye or enterlude

manyfestyng the three promyses of God

vnto man by all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of

Adam to the incarnacyon of the lorde Jesus

Christ. Compyled by Johan Bale, Anno

Domini M. D. XXXVIII.

1664
1536

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Baleus prolocutor.

IF profyght maye growe, moſt Chriſte audyēce.
By knowlege of thynges, whych are but mary-
ſytorye,
And here for a tyme. Of moch more cōg-
Aduaūtage myght ſprynge, by the ſerche-
ſes heauenlye.
As thoſe matters are, that the Goſpell ſpeeyfye.
Without whoſe knowledge, no man to the truche
Nor euer atteyne, to the lyfe perpetuall.
For he that knoweth not, the lyuynge God eter-
The father, the ſonne, and alſo the holye Ghoſt.
And what Chriſt ſuffered, for redempcyon of vs all.
What he commaunded, and taught in euery cooſt.
And what he forbode. That man muſt nedes be loſt.
And cleane ſecluded, from the faythfull choſen ſorte.
In the heauens abone, to hys moſt hygh dyſconfor-
Yow therfor (good fryndes) I louynge-
To waye ſoche matters, as wyll be vttered h-
Of whome ye maye loke, to haue no tryfelin
In fantaſyes fayned, nor ſoche lyke gaudyſhy-
But the thynges that ſhall, your inwarde ſtoma-
To reioyce in God, for your iuſtyfycacyon,
And alone in Chriſt, to hope for your ſaluacyon.
Yea, firſt ye ſhall haue, the eternall generacyon,
Of Chriſt lyke as Johan, in hys firſt chapi- wryghe,
And conſequentlye, of man the firſt creacyon,
The abuſe and fall, through hys firſt ouerſyght,
And therayſe agayne, through Gods hygh grace & myght
By promyſes firſt, whych ſhall be declared all,
Then by hys owne ſonne, the worker pryncypall.
After that Adam, bywayleth here hys fall,
God wyll ſhewe mercye, to euery generacyon.

And to hys kyngedome, of hys great goodnesse call,
hys elected spouse, or faythfull congregacyon,
Where shall apere, by open protestacyon,
From Christes birthe, shall to hys deathe conclude,
Some that therof, wyll shewe the certytude.

Pater cœlestis.

IN the begynnynge, before the heauens were
create,
In me and of me, was my sonne sempyternall.
With the holy Ghost, in one degre or estate,
Of the hygh Godhed, to me the father coequall.
Thys my sonne was, with me one God essencyall,
Without separacyon, at any tyme from me,
God he is, of equall dignyte.
In the begynnynge, my sonne hath euer be,
With hys father, in one essencyall beynge.
By me create, by hym in yche degre,
Both earthe, and haue their dyuerse workynge.
No power, was neuer made anye thynge,
Nor wrought, But through hys ordynaunce,
By the hys strength, and whole contynuaunce.
In hym is the lyfe, and the iust reconcyliaunce
Of Adam and hys, whych nought but deathe deserued.
And thys lyfe to men, is an hygh perseuerannce,
Or a lyght of faythe, wherby they shall be saued.
And thys lyght shall shyne, amonge the people darkened,
With vnfaythfulnesse. Yet shall they not with hym take,
But of wyllfull hart, hys lyberall grace forsake.
Whych wyll compell me, agaynst man so to make,
In my displeasure. And sende plages of correccyon,
Most greuouse and sharpe, hys wanton lustes to slake,

by

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By water and fyre, by ſyckeneſſe and infeccyon,
Of peſtylent ſores, moleſtynge hys complexcyon
By troublouſe warre, by derthe and peynefull fearſeneſſe,
And after thys lyfe, by an extreme heauyneſſe.
I wyll firſt begynne, with Adam for hys lewdeneſſe,
Whych for an apple, neglected my commaundement.
He ſhall contynue, in labour for hys raſheneſſe,
Hys onlye ſweate ſhall, prouyde hys food and rayment,
Yea, yet muſt he haue, a greatter ponnyſhment,
Moſt terryble dearthe, ſhall brynge hym to hys ende,
To teache hym how he, hys lorde God, ſhall offende.

Hic præceps in terram cadit Adamus, ac poſt quartum
uerſum denuo reſurgit.

Adam primus homo.

Mercyfull father, thy pytiefull grace extende,
To me carefull wretche, whych haue me ſore abuſed,
Thy precept breakynge. O lorde, I mynde to amende,
If thy great goodneſſe, wolde now haue me excuſed,
Moſt heauenlye maker, lete me not be refuſed,
Nor caſt from thy ſyght, for one pore ſynneful creature
Alas I am frayle, my whole kynde ys but flyme.

Pater cœleſtis.

I wott it is ſo, yet art thu no leſſe faultye,
Thã thu haddyſt bene made, of matter moch more worthye,
I gaue the reaſon, and wytte to vnderſtande,
The good from the euyll. And not to take on hande,
Of a brayneleſſe mynde, the thynge whych I forbad the.

Adam primus homo.

Soch heauye fortune, hath chefelye chaunced me,
For that I was left, to myne owne lyberte.

Pater cœleſtis.

Then thu art blameleſſe, and the faulte thu layeſt to me?

Adam primus homo.

Naye, all I aſcribe, to my owne imbecyllyte,
No faulte in the lorde, but in my infirmyte,
And want of reſpect, in ſoche gyftes as thu gaueſt me.

Pater cœleſtis.

For that I put the, at thyne owne lyberte,
Thu oughteſt my goodneſſe, to haue in more regarde.

Adam primus homo.

Auoyde it I can not, thu layeſt it to me ſo harde.
Lorde now I perceyue, what power is in man,
And ſtrength of hymſelfe, whan thy ſwete grace is abſente.
He muſt nedes but fall, do he the beſt he can,
And daunger hymſelfe, as apereth euydent.
For I ſynned not, ſo longe as thu wert preſent.
But whan thu wert gone, I fell to ſynne by and by,
And the dyſpleaſed. Good lorde I aye the mercy,

Pater cœleſtis.

Thu ſhalt dye for it, with all thy poſteryte,

Adam primus homo;

[illegible] faulte good lorde, auenge not thy ſelf on me,
[illegible] but a worme, or a fleſhelye vanyte.

Pater cœleſtis;

I ſaye thu ſhalt dye, with thy whole poſteryte,

Adam primus homo;

Yet mercy ſwete lorde, yf anye mercy maye be,

Pater cœleſtis

I am immutable, I maye change no decree,
Thu ſhalt dye (I ſaye) without anye remedye,

Adam primus homo.

Yet gracyouſe father, extende to me thy mercye,
And throwe not awaye, the worke whych thu haſt create,
To thyne owne Image, But auert from me thy hate,

Pater

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Pater cœleſtis

But art thu ſorye, from bottom of thy hart?

Adam primus homo.

Thy dyſpleaſure is, to me moſt heauye ſmart,

Pater cœleſtis

Than wyll I tell the, what thu ſhalt ſtycke vnto,
Lyfe to recouer, and my good fauer alſo.

Adam primus homo.

Tell it me ſwete lorde, that I maye therafter go,

Pater cœleſtis

Thys ys my couenaunt, to the and all thy offsprynge,
For that thu haſt bene, deceyued by the ſerpent,
I wyll put hatred, betwixt hym for hys doynge,
And the woman kynde. They ſhall herafter dyſſent.
Hys ſede with her ſede, ſhall neuer haue agrement,
Her ſede ſhall preſſe downe, hys heade vnto the grounde,
Slee hys ſuggeſtyons, and hys whole power confounde,
Cleaue to thys promyſe, with all thy inwarde powre,
Fyrmelye encloſe it, in thy remembraunce faſt.
Folde it in thy faythe, with full hope daye and houre,
And thy ſaluacyon, it wyll be at the laſt.
That ſede ſhall clere the, of all thy wyckedneſſe paſt,
And procure thy peace, with moſt hygh grace in my ſyghe,
Se thu truſt to it, and holde not the matter lyghe.

Adam primus homo.

Swete lorde the promyſe, that thy ſelf here hath made me,
Of thy mere goodneſſe, and not of my deſeruynge,
In my faythe I truſt, ſhall ſo eſtablyſhed be,
By helpe of thy grace, that it ſhall be remaynynge,
So longe as I ſhall, haue here contynuynge,
And ſhewe it I wyll, to my poſteryte,
That they in lyke caſe, haue therby felycyte.

Pater cœleſtis.

For a closynge vp, take yet one sentence with the.

Adam primus homo.

At thy pleasure lorde, all thynges myght euer be,

Pater cœlestis

For that my promyse, maye haue the deper effect,
In the fayth of the, and all thy generacyon.
Take thys sygne with it, as a seale, therto connect.
Crepe shall the Serpent, for hys abhomynacyon.
The woman shall sorowe, in paynefull propagacyon.
Like as thu shalt fynde, thys true in out warde worckynge.
So thynke the other, though it be an hydden thynge.

Adam primus homo.

Incessaunt prayesynge, to the most heauenlye lorde,
For thys thy socoure, and vnderserued kyndenesse.
Thu byndest me in hart, thy gracyouse gystes to recorde,
And to beare in mynde, now after my heauynesse,
The brute of thy name, with in warde ioye and gladnesse.
Thu dysdaynest not, as wele apereth thys daye,
To fatche to thy folde, thy first shepe goynge a straye.
Most myghtye maker, thu castest not yet awaye,
Thy synnefull seruaunt, whych hath done most offence.
It is not thy mynde, for euer I shuld decaye,
But thu reseruest me, of thy benyuolence,
And hast prouyded, for me a recompence,
By thy appoyntment, like as I haue receyued,
In thy stronge promyse, here openlye pronounced,
Thys goodnesse dere lorde, of me is vndeserued,
I so declynynge, from thy first institucyon,
At so lyght mocyons. To one that thus hath swerued,
What a lorde art thu, to geue soche rerrybucyon:
I damnable wretche, deserued execucyon,
Of terryble deathe, without all remedye,

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And to be put out, of all good memorye.
I am enforced, to reioyce here inwardelye,
An ympe though I be, of helle, deathe, and dampnacyon,
Through my owne worke ynge. For I consydre thy mercye,
And pytiefull mynde, for my whole generacyon.
It is thu swete lorde, that workest my saluacyon,
And my recouer. Therfor of a congruence,
From hens thu must haue, my hart and obedyence.
Thought I be mortall, by reason of my offence,
And shall dye the deathe, like as God hath appoynted.
Of thys am I sure, through hys hygh influence,
At a serten daye, agayne to be reuyued.
From grounde of my hart, thys shall not be remoued.
I haue it in faythe, and therfor I wyll synge,
Thys Antheme to hym, that my saluacyon shall brynge.

Tunc sonora uoce, prouolutis genibus Antiphonam incipit, O Sapientia, Quam prosequetur chorus cum organis, eo interim exeunte.

Vel sub eodem tono poterit sic Anglice cantari.

O eternal Sapyence, that procedest from the mouthe of thy hyghest, reachynge fourth with a great power frō the begynnynge to the ende, with heauenlye swetnesse dysposynge all creatures, come now and enstruct vs the true waye of thy godlye prudence.

Finit Actus primus.

Pater cœlestis

I haue bene moued, to stryke man dyuerselye,
Sens I lefte Adam, in thys same earthly mansyon,
For whye he hath done, to me dyspleasures manye,
And wyll not amende, hys lyfe in anye condycyon,
No respect hath he, to my worde nor monycyon.
But doth what hym lust, without dyscrete aduysement,
And wyll in no wyse, take myne aduertysement.
Cain hath slayne Abel, hys brother an innocent,
Whose blonde from the earthe, doth call to me for vengeaũce
My children with mennis, so carnallye consent,
That their vayne workynge, is vnto me moche greuaunce,
Mankynde is but flesshe, in hys whole dallyaunce,
All vyce encreaseth, in hym contynuallye,
Nothynge he regardeth, to walke vnto my glorye.
My hart abhorreth, hys wylfull myserye,
Hys cankred malyce, hys cursed couetousenesse,
Hys lustes lecherouse, hys vengeable tyrannye,
Vnmercyfull mourther, and other vngodlynesse,
I wyll destroye hym, for hys outragyousnesse.
And not hym onlye, but all that on earthe do stere,
For it repenteth me, that euer I made them here.

Iustus Noah.

Most gentyll maker, with hys fraylenesse sumwhat beare
Man is thy creature, thy selfe can not saye naye.
Though thu ponnysh hym, to put hym sumwhat in feare,
Hys faulte to knowledge, yet seke not hys decaye.
Thu mayest reclayme hym, though he goeth now astraye,
And brynge hym agayne, of thy abundaunt grace,
To the folde of faythe, he acknowlegynge hys trespace.

Pater cœlestis,

Thu knowest I haue geuen, to hym conuenyent space,

With

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With laufull warnynges, yet he amendeth in no place.
The naturall lawe, whych I wrote in hys harte,
He hath outraced, all goodneſſe puttynge a parte,
Of helthe the couenaunt, whych I to Adam made,
He regardeth not, but walketh a damnable trade,

Iuſtus Noah.

All thys is true lorde, I can not thy wordes reproue,
Lete hys weakeneſſe yet, thy mercyfull goodneſſe moue.

Pater cœleſtis.

No weakeneſſe is it, but wylfull workynge all,
That reigneth in man, through mynde dyabolycall.
He ſhall haue therfor, lyke as he hath deſerued.

Iuſtus Noah

Loſe hym not yet lorde, though he hath depelye ſwerued,
I knowe thy mercye, is farre aboue hys rudeneſſe,
Beynge infynyte, as all other thynges are in the.
Hys folye therfor, now pardone of thy goodneſſe,
And meaſure it not, beyonde thy godlye pytie.
Eſteme not hys faulte, farder than helpe maye be,
But graunt hym thy grace, as he offendeth ſo depelye,
The to remembre, and abhorrre hys myſerye.
Of all goodneſſe lorde, remembre thy great mercye,
To Adam and Eue, breakynge thy firſt commaundement.
Them thu releuedeſt, with thy ſwete promyſe heauenlye,
Synnefull though they were, and their lyues neglygent.
I knowe that mercye, with the is permanent,
And wyll be euer, ſo longe as the worlde endure,
Than cloſe not thy hande, from man whych is thy creature.
Beynge thy ſubiect, he is vndreneth thy cure,
Correct hym thu mayeſt, and ſo brynge hym to grace.
All lyeth in thy handes, to leaue or to allure,
Bytter deathe to geue, or graunte moſt ſuffren ſolace.

Vtterlye from man, auerte not then thy face,
But lete hym ſauer, thy ſwete benyuolence,
Sumwhat though he fele, thy hande for hys offence.

Pater cœleſtis.

My true ſeruaũt Noah, thy ryghtouſneſſe doth moue me,
Sumwhat to reſerue, for mannys poſteryte.
Though I drowne the worlde, yet wyll I ſaue the lyues,
Of the and thy wyfe, thy iij. ſonnes and their wyues,
And of yche kynde two, to maynteyne yow herafter.

Iuſtus Noah.

Bleſſed be thy name, moſt myghtye mercyfull maker:
With the to dyſpute, it were vnconuenyent.

Pater cœleſtis.

Whye doeſt thu ſaye ſo: Be bolde to ſpeke thy intent.

Iuſtus Noah.

Shall the other dye, without anye remedye?

Pater cœleſtis.

I wyll drowne them all, for their wylfull wycked folye,
That man herafter, therby maye knowe my powre,
And feare to offende, my goodneſſe daye and houre.

Iuſtus Noah.

As thy pleaſure is, ſo myght it alwayes be,
For my helthe thu art, and ſowles felycyte.

Pater cœleſtis.

After that thys floude, haue had hys ragynge paſſage,
Thys ſhall be to the, my couenaunt euerlaſtynge.
The ſees and waters, ſo farre neuermore ſhall rage,
As all fleſhe to drowne, I wyll ſo tempre their workynge,
Thys ſygne wyll I adde, alſo to confirme the thynge,
In the cloudes aboue, as a ſeale or token clere,
For ſauegarde of man, my raynebowe ſhall apere.
Take thu thys couenaunt for an erneſt confirmacyon,

Of

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Of my former promyſe, to Adams generacyon.

Iuſtus Noah.

I wyll bleſſed lorde, with my whole hart and mynde.

Pater cœleſtis.

Farewele than iuſt Noah, here leaue I the behynde.

Iuſtus Noah.

Moſt myghtye maker, ere I from hens depart,
I muſt geue the prayſe, from the bottom of my hart.
Whom maye we thanke lorde, for our helthe & ſaluacyone
But thy great mercye and goodneſſe vndeſerued,
Thy promyſe in faythe, is our iuſtyfycacyon,
As it was Adams, whan hys hart therin reſted,
And as it was theirs, whych therin alſo truſted,
Thys faythe was grounded, in Adams memorye,
And clerelye declared, in Abels innocencye.
Faythe in that promyſe, Olde Adam ded iuſtyfye,
In that promyſe faythe, made Eua to prophecye.
Faythe in that promyſe, proued Abel innocent,
In that promyſe faythe, made Seth full obedyent.
That faythe taught Enos, on Gods name firſt to call,
And made Mathuſalah, the oldeſt man of all.
That fayth brought Enoch, to ſo hygh exercyſe,
That God toke hym vp, with hym into paradyſe,
Of that faythe the want, made Cain to hate the good,
And all hys offſpryng, to peryſhe in the flood.
Faythe in that promyſe, preſerued both me and myne,
So wyll it all them, whych folowe the ſame lyne.
Not onlye thys gyfte, thu haſt geuen me ſwete lorde,
But with it alſo, thyne euerlaſtynge couenaunt,
Of truſe for euer, thy raynebowe bearynge recorde.
Neuermore to drowne, the worlde by floude inconſtaunt,
Makynge the waters, more peaceable and pleſaunt,

Actus tertius.

Alac I can not, to the geue prayse condygne,
Yet wyll I synge here, with harte meke and benygne.

Magna tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O oriens splendor, &c, in genua cadens; Quam chorus prosequetnr cum organis, ut supra.

Vel Anglice sub eodem tono.

O most orient clerenesse, and lyght shynynge of the sempiternall bryghtnesse. O clere sunne of iustyce and heauenlye ryghtousnesse, come hyther and illumyne the prisoner, syttyng now in the darke prison and shaddowe of eternall deathe.

Finit actus secundus.

Incipit actus tertius.

Pater cœlestis.

Myne hygh displeasure, must nedes returne to man,
Consyderynge the synne, that he doth daye by daye:
For neyther kyndenesse, nor extreme handelynge can,
Make hym to knowe me, by anye faythfull waye.
But styll in myschefe, he walketh to hys decaye.
If he do not sone, hys wyckednesse consydre,
He is lyke doubtlesse, to perysh all togydre.
In my syght he is, more venym than the spyder
Through soch abuses, as he hath eyetcysed,
From the tyme of Noah, to thys same season hyder.
An vncomelye acte, without shame Cham commysed,
Whan he of hys father, the secrete partes reueled.
In lyke case Nemrod, agaynst me wrought abusyon
As he raysed vp, the castell of confusyon,
Ninus hath also, and all by the deuyls illusyon,
Through ymage makynge, vp raysed Idolatrye,
Me to dyshonoure. And now in the conclusyon,
The vyle Sodomytes. lyue so vnnaturallye

That

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That their synne vengeaunte, ayeth contynuallye:
For my couenauntes sake, I wyll not drowne with water.
Yet shall I vysyte, their synnes with other matter.

Abraham fidelis.

Yet mercyfull lorde, thy gracyousnesse remembre,
To Adam and Noah, both in thy worde and promes.
And lose not the sowles, of men in so great nombre,
But saue thyne owne worke, of thy most dyscrete goodnes.
I wote thy mercyes, are plenty full and endles.
Neuer can they dye, nor fayle, thy self endurynge,
Thys hath faythe fyxed, fast in my vnderstandynge.

Pater cœlestis.

Abraham my seruaunt, for thy most faythfull meanynge.
Both thu and thy stocke, shall haue my plentouse blessynge.
Where the vnfaythfull, vndre my curse euermore,
For their vayne workynge, shall rewe their wyckednesse sore.

Abraham fidelis.

Tell me blessed lorde, where wyll thy great malyce lyght.
My hope is, all flesshe, shall not perysh in thy syght.

Pater cœlestis.

No trulye Abraham, thu chaunce st vpon the ryght.
The thynge I shall do, I wyll not hyde from the,
Whome I haue blessyd, for thy true fydelyte.
For I knowe thu wylt, cause both thy chyldren & seruaũtes.
In my wayes to walke, and trust vnto my couenauntes,
That I maye performe, with the my erneste promes.

Abraham fidelis.

All that wyll I do, by assystence of thy goodnes.

Pater cœlestis.

From Sodom and Gomor, the abhomynacyons call,
For my great vengeaunce, whych wyll vpon them fall.
Wylde fyre and brymstone, shall lyght vpon them all.

Abraham

Abraham fidelis.

Pytiefull maker, though they haue kyndled thy furye,
Caſt not awaye yet, the iuſt ſort with the vngodlye.
Parauenture there maye, be fiftye ryghteouſe perſones,
Within thoſe cyties, wylt thu loſe them all at ones?
And not ſpare the place, for thoſe fyftye ryghteouſe ſakes?
Be it farre from the, ſoch rygoure to vndertake.
I hope there is not, in the ſo cruell hardeneſſe,
As to caſt awaye, the iuſt men with the recheleſſe,
And ſo to deſtroye, the good with the vngodlye,
In the iudge of all, be neuer ſoche a furye.

Pater cœleſtis.

At Sodom if I, maye fynde iuſt perſones fiftye,
The place wyll I ſpare, for their ſakes verelye.

Abraham fidelis.

I take vpon me, to ſpeake here in thy preſence,
More then become me, lorde pardon my neglygence.
I am but aſhes, and were lothe the to offende.

Pater cœleſtis.

Saye fourth good Abraham, for yll doſt thu non intende.

Abraham fidelis.

Happlye there maye be, fyue leſſe in the ſame nombre,
For their ſakes I truſt, thu wylt not the reſt accombre?

Pater cœleſtis

If I amonge them, myght fynde but fyne and fortye
Them wolde I not loſe, for that iuſt cumpanye.

Abraham fidelis.

What if the cytie, maye fortye ryghteouſe make?

Pater cœleſtis

Then wyll I pardone it, for thoſe ſame fortyes ſake.

Abraham fidelis.

Be not angrye lorde, though I ſpeake vndyſcretelye.

Pater

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Pater cœleſtis

Vtter thy whole mynde, and ſpare me not hardelye.

Abraham fidelis.

Parauenture there maye, be thirty founde amonge them.

Pater cœleſtis

Maye I fynde thirty, I wyll nothynge do vnto them:

Abraham fidelis.

I take vpon me, to moche lorde in thy ſyghte

Pater cœleſtis.

No, no, good Abraham, for I knowe thy faythe is ryghte.

Abraham fidelis.

No leſſe I ſuppoſe, than twenty can it haue:

Pater cœleſtis.

Coulde I fynde twenty, that cytie wolde I ſaue.

Abraham fidelis.

Ones yet wyll I ſpeake, my mynde, and than nomore,

Pater cœleſtis.

Spare not to vtter, ſo moche as thu haſt in ſtore.

Abraham fidelis.

And what if there myght, be v. good creatures founde:

Pater cœleſtis.

The reſt for their ſakes, myght ſo be ſafe and ſounde,
And not deſtroyed, for their abhomynacyon.

Abraham fidelis.

O mercyfull maker, moche is thy tolleracyon,
And ſufferaunce of ſynne. I ſe it now in dede,
Witſaue yet of fauer, out of thoſe cyties to leade,
Thoſe that be faythfull, though their flocke be but ſmall.

Pater cœleſtis.

Lot hand hys howſholde, I wyll delyuer all,
For ryghteouſneſſe ſake, whych is of me and not them.

Abraham fidelis.

Great are thy graces, in the generacyon of Sem.

Pater cœleſtis.

Well Abraham well, for thy true fayth fulnes,
Now wyll I geue the, my couenaunt or thirde promes,
Loke thu beleue it, as thu coueryſt ryghtuouſneſſe.

Abraham fidelis.

Lorde ſo regarde me, as I receyue it with gladneſſe.

Pater cœleſtis

Of manye peoples, the father I wyll make the,
All generacyons, in thy ſede ſhall be bleſſyd.
As the ſtarres of heauen, ſo ſhall thy kynred be,
And by the ſame ſede, the worlde ſhall be redreſſed.
In circumcyſyon, ſhall thys thynge be expreſſed,
As in a ſure ſeale, to proue my promyſe true,
Prynt thys in thy fayth, and it ſhall thy ſowle reuiue.

Abraham fidelis.

I wyll not one Jote, Lorde from thy wyll dyſſent,
But to thy pleaſure, be alwayes obedyent,
Thy lawes to fullfyll, and moſt precyouſe commaundement.

Pater cœleſtis

Farwele Abraham, for heare in place I leaue the.

Abraham fidelis.

Thankes wyll I rendre, lyke as it ſhall behoue me.
Euerlaſtynge prayſe, to thy moſt gloryouſe name,
Whych ſauedyſt Adã, through fayth in thy ſwete promes,
Of the womannys ſede. And now confirmeſt the ſame,
In the ſede of me. Foſoth greate is thy goodnes
I can not perceyue, but that thy mercye is endles,
To ſoch as feare the, in euery generacyon,
For it endureth, without abreuyacyon.
Thys haue I prynted in depe conſyderacyon,
No worldly matter, can race it out of mynde.

for

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For ones it wyll be, the fynall reſtauracyon,
Of Adam and Eue, with other that hath ſynde,
Yea, the ſure helthe, and rayſe of all mankynde.
Helpe haue the faythfull, therof, though they be infect,
They condempnacyon, where as it is reiect.
Mercyfull maker, my crabbed voyce dyrect,
That it maye breake out, in ſome ſwete prayſe to the,
And ſuffre me not, thy due lawdes to neglect,
But lete me ſhewe forth, thy commendacyons fre.
Stoppe not my wynde pypes, but geue them lyberte,
To ſounde to thy name, whych is moſt gracyouſe,
And in it reioyce, with hart melodyouſe.
Tunc alta voce canit Antiphonam, O rex gentium, choro eandem proſequente cum organis, ut prius, Vel Anglice hoc modo,
O moſt myghtye gouernour, of thy people, and in hart moſt deſyred, the harde rocke and true corner ſtone, that of two maketh one, vnynge the Jewes with the gentyles in one churche, come now and releue mankynde whom thu haſt fourmed of the vyle earthe.
Finit actus tertius.

Incipit actus Quartus,

Pater cœleſtis,
STyll ſo increaſeth, the wyckedneſſe of man,
That I am moued, with plages hym to confounde,
Hys weakeneſſe to ayde, I do the beſt I can,
Yet he regardeth me, nomore than doth an hounde.
My worde and promyſe, in hys faythe taketh no grounde,
He wyll ſo longe walke, in hys owne luſtes at large,
That nought he ſhall fynde, hys folye to dyſcharge.

Sens Abrahams tyme, whych was my true elect,
Jſmael haue I founde, both wycked, fearce, and cruell,
And Eſau in mynde, with hatefull muther infect,
The ſonnes of Jacob, to luſtes vnnaturall fell,
And into Egypte, ded they their brother ſell.
Laban to ydolles, gaue faythfull reuerence,
Dina was corrupt, through Sichems vyolence.
Ruben abuſed hys fathers concubyne,
Judas gate chyldren, of hys owne doughter in lawe.
Yea, her in my ſyght, went after a wycked lyne,
Hys ſede Onan ſpylte, hys brothers name to withdrawe.
Achan lyued here, without all godlye awe.
And now the chyldren, of Jſrael abuſe my powre,
In ſo vyle maner, that they moue me euerye howre.

Moſes ſanctus.

Pacyfye thy wrathe, ſwete lorde I the deſyre,
As thu art gentyll, benygne and pacyent.
Loſe not that people, in feareneſſe of thyne yre,
For whom thu haſt ſhewed, ſoche tokens euydent,
Conuertynge thys rodde, into a lyuelye ſerpent,
And the ſame ſerpent, into thys rodde agayne,
Thy wonderfull power, declarynge very playne.
For their ſakes alſo, putteſt Pharao to payne,
By ten dyuerſe plages, as I ſhall here declare.
By blonde, frogges, & lyce, by flyes, death, botche, & blayne.
By hayle, by graſſoppers, by darkeneſſe, and by care.
By a Soden plage, all their firſt gotten ware,
Thu fleweſt in one nyght, for hys fearce cruelneſſe.
From that thy people, witholde not now thy goodneſſe.

Pater cœleſtis.

I certyfye the, my choſen ſeruaunt Moſes,

That

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That people of myne is full of vnthankefulnes.

Moſes ſanctus.

Dere lorde, I knowe it, alas yet waye their weakenes.
And beare with their faultes, of thy great bounteouſnesse.
In a flamynge buſhe, hauynge to them reſpect,
Thu appoyntedeſt me, their paſſage to direct.
And through the reade ſee, thy ryght hande ded vs lede,
Where Pharaoes hooſt, the floude ouerwhelmed in dede.
Thu wenteſt before them, in a ſhynynge cloude all daye.
And in the darke nyght, in fyre thu ſhewedeſt their waye.
Thu ſenteſt them Manna, from heauen to be their food.
Out of the harde ſtone, thu gaueſt them water good.
Thu appoyntedeſt them, a lande of mylke and honye.
Lete them not peryſh, for want of thy great mercye.

Pater cœleſtis.

Content they are not, with foule nor yet with fayre,
But murmour and grudge, as people in dyſpayre.
As I ſent Manna, they had it in dyſdayne,
Thus of their welfare, they manye tymes complayne.
Ouer Amalech, I gaue them the vyctorye.

Moſes ſanctus.

Moſt gloryouſe maker, all that is to thy glorye.
Thu ſenteſt them alſo, a lawe from heauen aboue,
And daylye ſhewedeſt them, manye tokens of great loue.
The braſen ſerpent, thu gaueſt them for their healynge,
And Balaams curſe, thu turnedeſt into a bleſſynge.
I hope thu wylt not, dyſdayne to helpe them ſtyll.

Pater cœleſtis

I gaue them preceptes, whych they wyll not fulfyll.
Nor yet knowledge me, for their God and good lorde,
So do their vyle dedes, with their wycked hartes accorde,
Whyls thu haſt talked, with me famylyarlye.

mountayne, the ſpace but of dayes fortye,
gh es all, they haue forgotten clerelye,
are turned, to ſhamefull ydolatrye,
For their God they haue, ſett vp a golden calfe.
Moſes ſanctus,
Lete me ſaye ſumwhat, ſwete father in their behalfe:
Pater cœleſtis:
I wyll firſt conclude, and then ſaye on thy mynde,
For that I haue founde, that people ſo vnkynde,
Not one of them ſhall, enioye the promyſe of me,
For enterynge the lande, but Caleb and Joſue.
Moſes ſanctus,
Thy eternall wyll, euermore fulfylled be,
For dyſobedyence, thu ſleweſt the ſonnes of Aaron,
The earthe ſwellowed in, both Dathan and Abiron,
The adders ded ſtynge, other wycked perſones els,
In wonderfull nombre. Thus haſt thu ponnyſhed rebels,
Pater cœleſtis,
Neuer wyll I ſpare, the curſed inyquyte,
Of ydolatrye, for no cauſe, thu mayſt truſt me.
Moſes ſanctus,
Forgeue them yet lorde, for thys tyme if it maye be.
Pater cœleſtis.
Thynkeſt thu that I wyll, ſo ſone change my decre?
Nó, Nó, frynde Moſes. ſo lyght thu ſhalt not fynde me,
I wyll ponnyſh them, all Iſrael ſhall it ſe.
Moſes ſanctus,
I wote, thy people, hath wrought abhomynacyon,
Worſhyppynge falſe goddes, to thy honours derogacyon,
Yet mercyfullye, thu mayeſt vpon them loke,
And if thu wylt not, thruſt me out of thy boke.
Pater cœleſtis,

Thoſe

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Thoſe great blaſphemers, ſhall out of my boke cleane.
But thu ſhalt not ſo, for I knowe what thu doeſt meane.
Conduct my people, myne Angell ſhall aſſyſt the,
That ſynne a: a daye, wyll not vncorrected be.
And for the true zele, that thu to my people haſt,
I adde thys couenaunt, vnto my promyſes paſt.
Rayſe them vp I wyll, a prophete from amonge them,
Not onlyke to the, to ſpeake my wordes vnto them,
Who ſo hearech not, that he ſhall ſpeake in my name,
I wyll reuenge it, to hys perpetuall ſhame.
The paſſe ouer lambe, wyll be a token iuſt,
Of thys ſtronge couenaunt. Thys haue I clerelye dyſcuſt,
In my appoyntment, thys houre for your delyueraunce.

Moſes ſanctus;

Neuer ſhall thys thynge, depart from my remembraūce.
Laude be for euer, to the moſt mercyfull lorde,
Whych neuer with draweſt, from man thy heauenlye cōfort,
But from age to age, thy benefytes doth recorde,
What thy goodneſſe is, and hath bene to hys ſort.
As we fynde thy grace, ſo ought we to report.
And doubtleſſe it is, to vs moſt bounteouſe,
Yea, for all our ſynnes, moſt rype and plenteouſe,
Abraham our father, founde the benyuolouſe,
So ded good Iſaac, in hys dyſtreſſe amonge.
To Jacob thu wert, a gyde moſt gracyouſe,
Joſeph thu ſauedeſt, from daungerouſe deadlye wronge.
Melchiſedech and Job, felt thy great goodneſſe ſtronge.
So ded good Sara, rebecca, and fayre Rachel,
With Sephora my wyfe, the doughter of Raguel.
To prayſe the ſwete lorde my faythe doth me compell,
For thy couenauntes ſake, wherin reſt our ſaluacyon.
The ſede of promyſe, all other ſedes excell.

For

For therin remayneth, our full iuſtyfycacyon,
From Adam and Noah, in Abrahams generacyon.
That ſede procureth, Gods myghty grace and powre,
For the ſame ſedes ſake, I wyll ſynge now thys howre.

Clara tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O Emanuel, quam chorus (ut prius) proſequetur cum organis,
Vel Anglice canat,

O hyghkynge Emanuel, & our lege lorde, the longe expectacyon of Gentyles, and the myghtye ſauer of their multytude, the helthe and conſolacyon of ſynners, come now for to ſaue vs, as our lorde and our redemer.

Finit actus Quartus,

Incipit actus quintus.
Pater cœleſtis.

FOr all the fauer, I haue ſhewed Iſrael,
Delyuerynge her, from Pharaoes tyrannye,
And geuynge the lande, fluentem lac & mel,
Yet wyll ſhe not leaue, her olde ydolatrye,
Nor knowe me for God. I abhorre her myſerye.
Veyed her I haue, with bartayles and decayes,
Styll muſt I plage her, I ſe non other wayes.

Dauid rex pius.

Remembre yet lorde, thy worthye ſeruaunt Moſes,
Walkynge in thy ſyght, without rebuke of the,
Both Aaron, Jetro, Eleazar, and Phinees,
Euermore feared, to offende thy mageſte.
Moch thu acceptedeſt, thy ſeruaunt Joſue,
Caleb and Othoniel, ſought the with all their hart,
Aioth end Sangar, for thy folke ded their part.
Gedeon and Thola, thy enemyes put to ſmart,

Jayr

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Jayr and Jephte, gaue prayses to thy name.
These to leaue ydolles, thy people ded coart,
Samson the strongest, for hys part ded the same.
Samuel and Nathan, thy messages ded proclame,
What though fearce Pharao, wrough myschef in thy syght:
He was a pagane, laye not that in our lyght.
I wote the Beniamytes, abused the wayes of tyght,
So ded Helyes sonnes, and the sonnes of Samuel.
Saul in hys offyce, was slouthfull daye and nyght,
Wycked was Semei, so was Achitophel.
Measure not by them, the faultes of Israel,
Whom thu hast loued, of longe tyme so inteyrlye,
But of thy great grace, remyt her wycked folye.

Pater cœlestis.

I can not abyde, the vyce of ydolatrye,
Though I shuld suffer, all other vyllanye.
Whan Josue was dead, that sort from me ded fall,
To the worshyppynge of Asteroth and Baal,
Full vncleane ydolles, and monsters bestyall.

Dauid rex pius.

For it they haue had, thy ryghteouse ponnyshment,
And for as moch as they, ded wyckedly consent,
To the Palestynes, and Chananytes vngodlye,
Idolaters takynge, to them in matrymonye,
Thu threwest them vndre, the kynge of Mesopotamye,
After thu subduedest them, for their Idolatrye.
Eyghtene years to Eglon, the kynge of Moabytes,
And xx. years to Jabin, the kynge of Chananytes,
Oppressed they were, vij. years of the Madyanytes,
And xviij. years vexed, of the cruell Ammonytes.
In iij. great battayles, of iij. score thousand and fyue,
Of thys thy people, not one was left a lyue.

Haue mercye now lorde, and call them to repentaunce.

Pater cœleſtis.

So longe as they ſynne, ſo lōge ſhall they haue greuaūce.
Dauid my ſeruaunt, ſum what muſt I ſaye to the.
For that thu lately, haſt wrought ſoch oanyte.

Dauid rex pius.

Spare not bleſſed lorde, but ſaye thy pleaſure to me.

B.mus. Vol. 1. fol. 25

Pater cœleſtis.

Of late dayes thu haſt, my ſuſed Berſabe,
The wyfe of Vrye, and ſlayne hym in the fyelde.

Dauid rex pius.

Mercye lorde mercye, for doubtleſſe I am defyelde:

Pater cœleſtis

I conſtytute the, a kynge ouer Iſrael,
And the preſerued, from Saul whych was thy enemye.
Yea, in my fauer, ſo moch thu dedyſt eycell,
That of thy enemyes, I gaue the vyctorye.
Paleſtynes and Syryanes, to the came trybutarye.
Why haſt thu then wrought, ſoch folye in my ſyght:
Deſpyſynge my worde, agaynſt all godlye ryght.

Dauid rex pius.

I haue ſynned lorde, I beſyche the, pardon me.

Pater cœleſtis.

Thu ſhalt not dye Dauid, for thys inyquyte,
For thy repentaunce, But thy ſonne by Berſabe,
Shall dye, for as moch, as my name is blaſphemed,
Amonge my enemyes, and thu the worſe eſtemed.
From thy howſe for thys, the ſwerde ſhall not depart.

Dauid rex pius.

I am ſorye lorde, from the bottom of my hart.

Pater cœleſtis.

To further anger, thu doeſt me yet compell.

Dauid

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Precibus Pragœnitæ.

Dauid rex pius.

For what matter lorde J beſyche thy goodneſſe tell.

Pater cœleſtis.

Why dedeſt thu numbre, the people of Iſrael
Suppoſeſt in thy mynde, therin thu haſt done well

Dauid rex pius.

J can not ſaye naye, but J haue done vndyſcretelye,
To forget thy grace, for a humayne pollycye,

Pater cœleſtis,

Thu ſhalt of theſe iij. choſe whych plage thu wylt haue,
For that ſynnefull acte, that J thy ſowlemaye ſaue.
A ſcarſeneſſe vij. years, or els iij. monthes eyvle,
Eyther for iij. dayes, the peſtylence moſt vyle,
For one thu muſt haue, there is no remedye.

Dauid rex pius.

Lorde at thy pleaſure, for thu art full of mercye,

Pater cœleſtis.

Of a peſtylence, then iij. ſcore thouſand and ten,
In iij. dayes ſhall dye of thy moſt puyſaunt men.

Dauid rex pius.

Oh lorde, it is J, whych haue offended thy grace,
Spare them and not me, for J haue done the treſpace.

Pater cœleſtis,

Though thy ſynnes be great, thy inwarde hartes cõtrycyon,
Doth moue my ſtomake, in wonderfull condycyon.
J fynde the a man, accordynge to my hart,
Wherfor thys promyſe, J make the ere J depart.
A frute there ſhall come, forth yſſuynge from thy bodye,
Whom J wyll aduaunce, vpon thy ſeate for euer.
Hys trone ſhall become, a ſeate of heauenlye glorye,
Hys worthy ſcepture, from ryght wyll not dyſſeuer,
Hys happye kyngedome, of faythe, ſhall peryſh neuer,

Of heauen and of earthe, he was autor principall,
And wyll contynue, though they do perysh all.
Thys sygne shalt thu haue, for a token specyall,
That thu mayst beleue, my wordes vnfaynedlye.
Where thu hast mynded, for my memoryall,
To buylde a temple, thu shalt not fynysh it trulye.
But Salomon thy sonne, shall do that accyon worthye,
In token that Christ, must fynysh euery thynge,
That I haue begunne, to my prayse euerlastynge.

Dauid rex pius.

Immortall glorye, to the, most heauenlye kynge,
For that thu hast geuen, contynuall vyctorye,
To me thy seruaunt, euer sens my anoyntynge,
And also before, by manye conquestes worthye,
A beare and lyon, I slewe through thy strengthonlye,
I slewe Golias, whych was vj. cubites longe,
Agaynst thy enemyes, thu madest me euer stronge.
My fleshlye fraylenesse, made me do deadlye wronge,
And cleane to forget, thy lawes of ryghteousnesse.
And thoughthu vysytedest, my synnefulnesse amonge,
With pestylent plages, and other vnquyetnesse.
Yet neuer tokest thu, from me the plenteousnesse,
Of thy godly spirite, whych thu in me dedyst plant.
I hauynge remorce, thy grace coulde neuer want.
For in conclusyon, thy euerlastynge couenaunt,
Thu gauest vnto me, for all my wycked synne.
And hast promysed here, by protestacyon constaunt,
That one of my sede, shall soch hygh fortune wynne,
As neuer ded man, sens thys worlde ded begynne.
By hys power he shall, put Sathan from hys holde,
In reioyce wherof, to synge wyll I be bolde.

Canora

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Canora uoce tunc incipit Antiphonam, O Adonai, Qnam (ut prius) prosequetur chorus cum organis,

Vel sic Anglice.

O lorde God Adonai, & gyde of the faylhfull howse of Israel, whych sumtyme aperedest in the flamynge bushe to Moses, and to hym dedest geue a lawe in mounte Syna, come now forto redeme vs in the strengthe of thy ryght hande.

Finit actus Quintus,

Incipit actus sextus.

Pater cœlestis,

I Brought vp chyldren, from their first infancye,
Whych now despyseth, my godlye instytucyons.
An oxe knoweth hys lorde, an asse hys masters dewtye,
But Israel wyll not, knowe me not my condycyons,
Oh frowarde people, geuen all to superstycyons,
Vnnaturall chyldren, expert in blasphemyes,
Prouoketh me to hate, by their ydolatryes.
Take hede to my wordes, ye tyrauntes of Sodoma,
In vayne ye offer, your sacryfyce to me.
Dyscontent I am, with yow beastes of Gomorra,
And haue no pleasure, whan I your offerynges se.
I abhorre your fastes, and your solempnyte,
For your tradycyons, my wayes ye set a part,
Your workes are in vayne, I hate them from the hart.

Esaias propheta.

Thy cytie swete lorde, is now become vnfaythfull,
And her condycyons, are turned vp so downe.
Her lyfe is vnchast, her actes be very hurtefull,
Her murther and theft, hath darkened her renowne.
Couetouse rewardes, doth so their conscyence drowne,

That the fatherleſſe, they wyll not helpe to ryght,
The poore wydowes cauſe, come not afore their ſyght,
Thy peceable pathes, ſeke they neyther daye nor nyght,
But walke wycked wayes, after their fantaſye.
Conuert their hartes lorde, and geue them thy true lyght.
That they maye perceyue, their cuſtomable folye.
Leaue them not helpeleſſe, in ſo depe myſerye,
But call them from it, of thy moſt ſpecyall grace,
By thy true prophetes, to their ſowles helthe and ſolace.

Pater cœleſtis

Firſt they had fathers, than had they patryarkes,
Than dukes, than iudges, to their gydes and monarkes.
Now haue they ſtowte kynges, yet are they wycked ſtyll,
And wyll in no wyſe, my pleſaunt lawes fulfyll.
Alwayes they applye, to ydolles worſhyppynge,
From the vyle begger, to the anoynted kynge.

Eſaias Propheta.

For that cauſe thu haſt, in two deuyded them,
In Samaria the one, the other in Hieruſalem.
The kynge of Juda, in Hieruſalem ded dwell,
And in Samaria, the kynge of Iſrael.
Ten of the twelue trybes, bycame Samarytanes,
And the other two, were Hieroſolymytanes.
In both theſe cuntreyes, accordynge to their doynges,
Thu permyttedeſt them, to haue moſt cruell kynges.
The firſt of Juda, was wycked kynge Roboam,
Of Iſrael the firſt, was that cruell Hieroboam.
Abia than folowed, and in the other Nadab,
Then Baſa, then Hela, then Zambri, Joram and Achab.
Then Ochoſias, then Athalia, then Joas,
On the other part, was Joathan and Achas.
To rehearce them all, that haue done wretchydlye,

In

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In the syght of the, it were longe verelye.

Pater cœlestis.

For the wycked synne, of fylthye ydolatrye,
Whych the y, trybes ded, in the lande of Samarye.
In space of one daye, fifty thousand men I slewe,
Thre of their cyties, also I ouerthrewe.
And left the people, in soch captyuyte,
That in all the worlde, they wyst not whyther te fle.
The other ij. trybes, whan they from me went back,
To ydolatrye, I left in the hande of Sesack.
The kynge of Egipt, whych toke awaye their treasure,
Conuayed their cattel, and slewe them without measure.
In tyme of Achas, an hondred thousand and twentye,
Were slayne at one tyme, for their ydolatrye.
Two hondred thonsande, from thens were captyue led,
Their goodes dysperſed, and they with penurye fed.
Seldom they fayle it, but eyther the Egipcyanes,
Haue them in bondage, or els the Assyreanes.
And alone they maye, thanke their ydolatrye.

Esaias Propheta.

Wele, yet blessed lorde, relene them with thy mercye.
Though they haue bene yll, by other prynces dayes,
Yet good Ezechias, hath taugh them godlye wayes.
Whan the prynce is good, the people are the better.
And as he is nought, their vyces are the greatter.
Heauenlye lorde therfor, sende them the consolacyon,
Whych thu hast couenaunted, with euery generacyon.
Open thu the heauens, and lete the lambe come hyther,
Whych wyll delyuer, thy people all togyther.
Ye planetes and cloudes, cast downe your dewes and rayne,
That the earth maye beare, our helthfull sauer playne.

Pater cœlestis

Maye

Maye the wyfe forget, the chylde of her owne bodye?

Eſaias Propheta.

Naye that ſhe can not, in anye wyſe verelye.

Pater cœleſtis

Nomore can I them, whych wyll do my cõmaundementes,
But muſt preſerue them, from all inconuenyentes.

Eſaias Propheta.

Bleſſed art thu lorde, in all thy actes and iudgementes.

Pater cœleſtis.

Wele, Eſaias, for thys thy fydelyte,
A couenaunt of helthe, thu ſhalt haue alſo of me.
For Syons ſake now, I wyll not holde my peace,
And for Hieruſalem, to ſpeake wyll I not ceaſe.
Tyll that ryghteouſe lorde, be come as a ſũne beame bryght,
And their iuſt ſauer, as a lampe extende hys lyght.
A rodde ſhall ſhut fourth, from the olde ſtocke of Jeſſe,
And a bryght bloſſome, from that rote wyll aryſe.
Vpon whom alwayes, the ſprete of the lorde ſhall be,
The ſprete of wyſdome, the ſprete of heauenly practyſe,
And the ſprete that wyll, all godlyneſſe deuyſe.
Take thys for a ſygne, A mayde of Iſrael,
Shall conceyue and beare, that lorde Emanuel.

Eſaias Propheta.

Thy prayſes condygne, no mortall tunge can tell,
Moſt worthye maker, and kynge of heauenlye glorye,
For all capacytees, thy goodneſſe doth excell,
Thy plenteouſe graces, no brayne can cumpas trulye,
No wyt can conceyue, the greatneſſe of thy mercye,
Declared of late, in Dauid thy true ſeruaunt,
And now confirmed, in thys thy latter couenaunt.
Of goodneſſe thu madeſt, Salomon of wyt moſt pregnãt,
Aſa and Joſaphat, with good kynge Ezechias,

In

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In thy ſyght to do, that was to the ryght pleſaunt.
To quench ydolatrye, thu rayſedeſt vp Helias,
Jehu, Heliſeus, Micheas, and Abdias.
And Naaman Syrus, thu pourgedeſt of a leprye,
Thy workes wonderfull, who can but magnyfye?
Aryſe Hieruſalem, and take fayth by and bye,
For the verye lyght, that ſhall ſaue the, is commynge.
The ſonne of the lorde, apere wyll euydentlye,
Whan he ſhall reſort, ſe that no Joye be wantynge,
He is thy ſauer, and thy lyfe euerlaſtynge,
Thy releaſe from ſynne, and thy whole ryghteouſneſſe.
Helpe me in thys ſonge, to knowledge hys great goodneſſe.

Concinna tunc uoce Antiphonam inchoat, O radix Ieſſe,
Quam chorus proſequetur cum organis,
Vel Anglice hoc modo canet.

O fruteſull rote of Jeſſe, that ſhall be ſet as a ſygne amonge people, agaynſt the worldly rulers ſhall fearcely opē their mouthes. Whom the Gentyles ſhall worſhypp as their heauenly lorde, come now for to delyuer vs, and delaye the tyme no longar.

Finit actus Sextus.

Pater cœleſtis

I haue with fearcneſſe, manyde ofte tymes corrected,
And agayne I haue, allured hym by ſwete promes.
I haue ſent ſore plages, whan he hath me neglected,
And then by and by, moſt comfortable ſwetnes.
To wynne hym to grace, both mercye and ryghteouſnes.
I haue eyercyſed, yet wyll he not amende.
Shall I now loſe hym, or ſhall I hym defende
In hys moſt myſchefe, moſt hygh grace wyll I ſende.
To ouercome hym, by fauoure, if it maye be.
With hys abuſyons, no longer wyll I contende.
But now accomplyſh, my firſt wyll and decre.
My worde beynge fleſh, from hens ſhall ſet hym fre.
Hym teachynge a waye, of perfyght ryghteouſneſſe.
That he ſhall not nede, to peryſh in hys weakeneſſe.

Ioannes baptiſta.

Manaſſes (lorde) is paſt, whych turned from the hys harte,
Achas and Amon, haue now nomore a do.
Jechonias with other, whych ded themſelues auarte.
From the to ydolles, maye now no farther go.
The two falſe iudges, and Bels wycked preſtes alſo,
Phaſſur and Semeias, with Nabuchodonoſore,
Antiochus and Triphon ſhall the dyſpleaſe nomore.
Thre ſcore yeares and ten, thy people into Babylon,
Were captyue and thrall, for ydolles worſhyppynge.
Hieruſalem was loſt, and left voyde of domynyon,
Brent was their temple, ſo was their other buyldynge,
Ther hygh preſtes were ſlayn, ther treaſure came to nothyng
The ſtrength and bewtye, of thyne owne heretage,
Thus dedeſt thu leaue them, in myſerable bondage.
Oft had they warnynges, ſumtyme by Ezechiel,
And other prophetes, as Eſaye and Hieremye,

Sumtyme

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Sumtyme by Daniel, sumtyme by Ose and Johel,
By Amos and Abdias, by Jonas and by Sophonye,
By Nahum and Micheas, by Agge and by Zacharye,
By Malachias, and also by Abacuch,
By Olda the wydowe, and by the prophete Baruch,
Remembre Josias, whych toke the abhomynacyon,
From the people then, restorynge thy lawes agayne.
Of Rechab consydre, the faythfull generacyon,
Whō to wyne drynkynge, no frynd shyppe nyght cōstrayne.
Remembre Abdemelech, the frynde of truthe certayne,
Zorobabel the prynce, whych ded repare the temple,
And Jesus Josedech, of vertu the exemple,
Consydre Nehemias, and Esdras the good scrybe,
Mercyfull Tobias, and constaunt Mardocheus.
Judith and quene Hester, of the same godly trybe,
Deuoute Matharhias, and Judas Machabeus.
Haue mynde of Eleazar, and then Joannes Hircanus,
Waye the erneſt faythe, of thys godlye cumpanye,
Though the other cleane, fall from thy memorye.

Pater cœlestis.

I wyll Johan I wyll, for as I sayd afore,
Rygour and hardenesse, I haue now set a part,
Myndynge from hens fourth, to wynne man euermore,
By wonderfull kyndenesse, to breake hys stubberne hart,
And change it from synne. For Christ shall suffre smart,
In mannys frayle nature, for hys inyquyte,
Thys to make open, my massenger shalt thu be.

Ioannes baptista.

As thy pleasure is, so blessed lorde appoynt me,
For my helthe thu art, and my sowles felycyte.

Pater cœlestis.

Longe ere I made the, I the predestynate,

Before thu wert borne, I the endued with grace.
In thy mothers wombe, wert thu sanctyfycate,
By my godlye gyft, and so confirmed in place,
A Prophete to shewe, a waye before the face,
Of my most dere sonne, whych wyll come the vntyll.
Applye the apace, thyne offyce to fulfyll.
Preache to the people, rebukynge their neglygence,
Doppe them in water, they knowledgynge their offence.
And saye vnto them, The kyngedome of God doth cum.

Ioannes Baptista.

Vnmete lorde I am, Quia puer ego sum:
An other than that, Alac I haue no scyence,
Fyt for that offyce, neyther yet cleane eloquence.

Pater cœlestis.

Thu shalt not saye so, for I haue geuen the grace,
Eloquence and age, to speake in the desart place.
Thu must do therfor, as I shall the aduyse,
My appoynted pleasure, fourth vtter in any wyse.
My stronge myghtye wordes, put I into thy mouthe,
Spare not but speake them, to east, west, north and southe.

Hic extendens dominus manum, labia Ioannis digito tan get, ac ori imponet auream linguam.

Go now thy waye fourth, I shall the neuer fayle.
The sprete of Helias, haue I geuen the alredye.
Persuade the people, that they their synnes bywayle,
And if they repent, their customable folye,
Longe shall it not be, ere they haue remedye.
Open thu their hartes, tell them their helth is commynge.
As a voyce in desart, se thu declare the thynge.
I promyse the sure, thu shalt washe hym amouge them.
In Iordane a floude, not farre from Hierusalem.

Ioannes Baptista.

Shewe

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Shewe me yet good lorde, wherby ſhall I knowe that mā,
In the multytude, whych wyll reſort to Jordan?

Pater cœleſtis.

In thy mothers wombe, of hym hadde ſt thu cognycyon.

Ioannes Baptiſta.

Yea, that was in ſprete. I wolde now knowe hys perſon.

Pater cœleſtis.

Haue thu no feare Johan, hym ſhalt thu knowe full well,
And one ſpecyall token, afore wyll I the tell.
Super quem uideris ſpiritum deſcendentem & manentem
Super eum, hic eſt qui baptizat ſpiritu ſancto
Amonge all other, whom thu ſhalt baptyſe there,
Vpon whom thu ſeyſt, the holy Ghoſt deſcende,
In ſhappe of a doue, reſtynge vpon hys ſhuldere.
Holde hym for the ſame, that ſhall the worlde amende,
By baptym of ſprete, and alſo to man extende,
Moſt ſpecyall grace. For he muſt repare hys fall,
Reſtorynge agayne, the iuſtyce orygynall.
Take now thy iournaye, and do as I the aduyſe,
Firſt preache repentaunce, and than the people baptyſe.

Ioannes baptiſta.

Hygh honour, worſhypp, and glorye be vnto the,
My God eternall, and patrone of all puryte.
Repent good people, for ſynnes that now are paſt,
The kyngedome of heauen, is at hande very nye.
The promyſed lyght, to yow approcheth faſt,
Haue fayth, and applye, now to receyue hym boldelye.
I am not the lyght, but to beare teſtymonye,
Of hym, am I ſent, that all men maye beleue,
That hys blonde he wyll, for their redempcyon geue.
He is ſoch a lyght, as all men doth illumyne,
That euer were here, or ſhall be after thys.

All the worlde he made, by hys myghtye power deuyne,
And yet that rude worlde, wyll not knowe what he is.
Hys owne he enterynge, is not regarded of hys.
They that receyue hym, are Gods true chyldren playne,
In spirite regenerate, and all grace shall attayne.
Manye do recken, that I Johan Baptyst am he,
Deceyued are they, and that wyll apere in space.
Though he come after, yet was he longe afore me,
We are weake vessels, he is the welle of grace,
Of hys great goodnesse, all that we haue we purchace:
By hym are we lyke, to haue a better increes,
Than euer we had, by the lawe of Moses.
In Moses harde lawe, we had not els but darkenes,
Fygure and shaddowe. All was not e's but nyght,
Ponnyshment for synne, moch ryg our, payne and roughnes,
An hygh change is there, where all is turned to lyght,
Grace and remyssyon, anon wyll shyne full brygbt,
Neuer man lyued, that euer se God afore,
Whych now in our kynde, mannys ruyne wyll restore.
Helpe me to geue thankes, to that lorde euermore,
Whych am vnto Christ, a cryars voyce in the desart,
To prepare the pathes, and hygh wayes hym before,
For hys delyght is, on the poore symple hart.
That innocent lambe, from soch wyll neuer depart,
As wyll faythfullye, receyue hym with good mynde.
Lete our voyce then sounde, in some swete musycall kynde.

Resona tunc uoce Antiphonam incipit, O clauis Dauid, 12
Quam prosequetur chorus cum organis, ut prius.

Vel in Anglico sermone sic.

O perfyght keye of Dauid, and hygh sceptre of the kyn-
dred of Jacob, whych openest and no man spearest, thu spea-
rest

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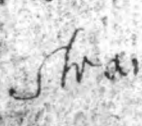
eest and no man openeth, come & delyuer thy ſeruaunt man-
kynde bounde, in priſon ſyttynge in the darkeneſſe of ſynne
and bytter dampnacyon.

Baleus Prolocutor.

THe matters are ſoch, that we haue vttered here,
As ought not to ſlyde, from your memoryall,
For they haue opened, ſoch confortable gere,
As is to the helthe, of thys kynde vnyuerſall,
Graces of the lorde, and promyſes lyberall,
Whych he hath geuen, to man for euery age,
To knyt hym to Chriſt, and ſo clere hym of bondage.
As Saynt Paule doth write, vnto the Corinthes playne,
Our fore fathers were, vndre the cloude of darkenes,
And vnto Chriſtes dayes, ded in the ſhaddowe remayne,
Yet were they not left, for of hym they had promes,
All they receyued, one ſpirytuall fedynge doubtles.
They dronke of the rocke, whych them to lyfe refreſhed,
For one ſauynge helthe, in Chriſt, all they confeſſed.
In the womans ſede, was Adam firſt iuſtyfyed,
So was faytfull Noah, ſo was iuſt Abraham.
The faythe in that ſede, in Moſes fourth multyplyed,
Lyke wyſe in Dauid, and Eſaye, that after cam.
And in Johan Bapty ſt, whych ſhewed the very lam:
Though they ſe a farre, yet all they had one iuſtyce,
One Maſſe (as they call it) and in Chriſt one ſacryfyce.
A man can not here, to God do better ſeruyce,
Than on thys to grounde, hys faythe and vnderſtandynge.
For all the worldes ſynne, alone Chriſt payed the pryce,
In hys onlye deathe, was mannys lyfe alwayes reſtynge,
And not in wyll workes, nor yet in mennys deſeruynge,
The lyght of our faythe, make thys thynge euydent,

Conclusio.

And not the practyse of other experiment.
Where is now fre wyll, whom the hypocrytes comment,
Wherby they report, they maye at their owne pleasure,
Do good of themselues, though grace and fayth be absent,
And haue good intentes, their madnesse with to measure,
The wyll of the flesshe, is proued here small treasure,
And so is mannys wyll, for the grace of God dothall,
More of thys matter, conclude heraster we shall.



Thus endeth thys Tragedy or enterlude manyfestynge the chefe promyses of God vnto Man by all ages in the olde lawe, from the fall of Adam, to the incarnacyon of the lorde Jesus Christ. Compyled by Johan Bale. Anno dominí, M. D. XXXVIII.

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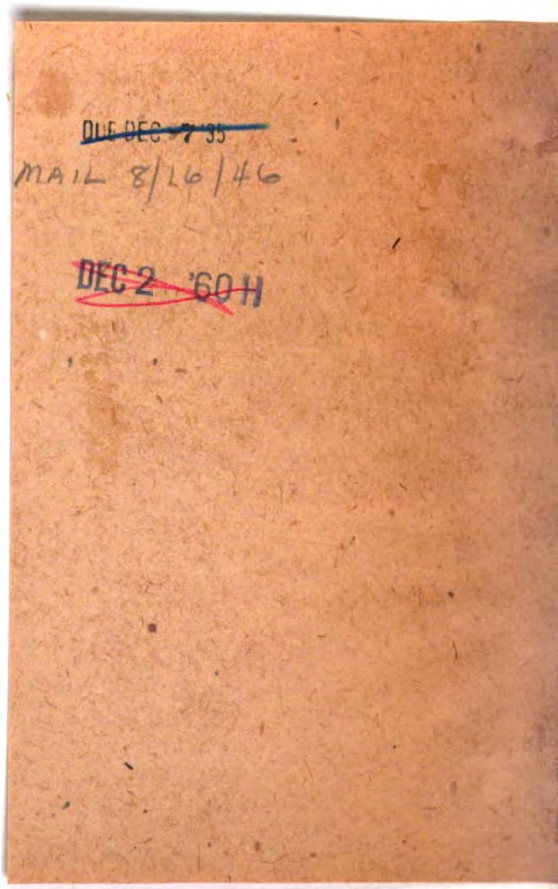

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